

Excerpt

contributions in their own lifetimes as missionaries, teachers, scholars, historians, and explorers, and now, two hundred years down the stream of history, we remember *both* of them and commemorate their achievements with admiration and respect.

During the summer of 1975 a number of scholars conducted field research with the Chavez translation of the journal as a field guide. They carefully retraced the trail in a serious attempt to locate as precisely as possible the actual trail and the campsites of the 1776 expedition. Under the direction of Dr. David E. Miller, of the University of Utah, the following teams worked on different sections of the trail. From Santa Fe to the Colorado border (covering the expedition's travels of July 29 through August 5, 1776) were Dr. W. Alan Minge, Dr. Robert Archibald, and Mr. W. L. Rusho; in southwestern Colorado (from August 5 through August 26, 1776), Dr. Robert W. Delaney and Mr. Robert McDaniel; along the western portion of Colorado (August 27 through September 9, 1776), Dr. Floyd A. O'Neil and Mr. Gregory C. Thompson; also western Colorado and into Utah (September 8 through September 16, 1776), Mr. G. Clell Jacobs; from the point where the expedition entered the present state of Utah to the Utah Valley (September 13 through September 23, 1776), Msgr. Jerome Stoffel and Mr. George Stewart; from Utah Lake to the Arizona border (September 25 through October 15, 1776), Dr. Ted J. Warner, Dr. Thomas G. Alexander, Mr. Stewart Jacobson, and Mr. David E. Vickstrom; and from this point to Santa Fe (October 16 through January 2, 1777), Dr. C. Gregory Crampton, Mr. W. L. Rusho, and Dr. David E. Miller.

The field reports of each of these teams were utilized in the preparation of the notes which accompany this work. Appreciation and thanks are extended to each of these individuals. In the intervening two hundred years since the padres passed this way, the traces of much of the trail have been obliterated by the march of progress and the growth, development, and construction of towns, cities, highways, farms, dams, railroads, etc. However, so conscientiously did the field researchers approach their assignments that there can be little question that this is the most faithful and accurate delineation of the trail and the location of the campsites as is possible under the circumstances.

Appreciation and thanks are also extended to anyone who helped in any way to make this present work possible.

Ted J. Warner
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aventura, which, now joined together²⁰⁵ flowed to the south with respect to where we stood.

We descended to a plain and another river's large meadow, and, after going west another league and a half, arrived at the juncture of two medium-sized rivers which come down from the sierra which lies near here and to the north of El Rio de San Buenaventura. The one more to the east before the juncture runs to the southeast, and we named it Río de San Damián²⁰⁶ the other to the east, and we named it Río de San Cosme.²⁰⁷ We continued upstream along the latter, and after going west one league we saw ruins near it of a very ancient pueblo²⁰⁸ where there were fragiments of stones for grinding maize, of jars, and of pots of clay. The pueblo's shape was circular, as indicated by the ruins now almost completely in mounds. We turned southwest over a plain which lies between the two rivers, went up some hills of loose stone, and very troublesome to the already hoofsore mounts; we went down another meadow of El Rio de San Cosme, and, having gone southwest for half a league and one-half toward the west over the meadow, we halted on it, naming it La Ribera de San Cosme. Today eight leagues.²⁰⁹

A little after we had stopped, we saw wisps of smoke at the sierra's base, and when we asked the guide who in his opinion had sent them up, he said that they could be Comanches or some of the Lagunas who usually came hunting hereabouts.

On the 18th we set out from La Ribera de San Cosme, and because the guide wanted to cross over to the river's other side and follow it, he stuck us through an almost impenetrable osier bosque, or thicket, and into marshy estuaries which made us backtrack and cross the river thrice while making many useless detours. Then over a plain next to its meadows we went three leagues west, turned west-southwest one league, crossed the river a fifth time, and again took to the west, in which direction we traveled three leagues and a quarter, now over the river's meadow, now over the plain next to it. We climbed up to a not very high mesa, flat on top and very stony, traveled for about three-quarters of a league, which includes the

September 18

at the joining river systems of the White (San Clemente) and the Green (San Buenaventura). This overlook knowledgeably led the expedition through the Uintah Basin.

205. The San Clemente (White River) and the San Buenaventura (Green River) join at Ouray, Utah.

206. The Uinta River.

207. The Duchesne River.

208. This site has not been identified by trail researchers.

209. Camp was just east of Myton, Utah. About 21 miles today.

65

ascent and descent, crossed another small river which close to here flows into the San Cosme and which we named Santa Catarina de Sena,²¹⁰ and halted by its edge. Today nine leagues.²¹¹

From the encampment of the Sabuaganas and Paraje de San Antonino Mártir to here we tallied up eighty-eight leagues,²¹² and from Santa Fe two hundred and eighty-seven.²¹³

There is good land along these three rivers²¹⁴ that we crossed today, and plenty of it for farming with the aid of irrigation — beautiful poplar groves, fine pastures, timber and firewood not too far away, for three good settlements.

From the land of the Comanches a very long and high sierra comes down, running from northeast to southwest as far as the Lagunas, in what we could see for more than seventy leagues; at this season, toward the north from El Río de San Buenaventura, it displayed its tallest shoulders and peaks covered with snow, wherefore we named it Sierra Blanca de los Lagunas.²¹⁵ Tomorrow we shall begin climbing it and going across where it appears less lofty.

September 19

On the 19th we set out with no trail from El Río de Santa Catarina de Sena toward the southwest, went up a gradual and short but very rocky slope; then, after a quarter league we turned west, went down to El Río de San Cosme's edge, and traveled along it for two leagues and a quarter, making several turns over almost impassable terrain, either because of so much rock or the rock-cliff precipices that are here. One of them caused one of our horses to be injured and made us backtrack about a mile and descend to another meadow of the river. We crossed it by breaking through a bosque of osier and tall bamboo reed and at half a league swung to the northwest by taking the channel bed of an arroyo for our route, ascending the sierra and leaving El Río de San Cosme behind.

We continued through the arroyo, which led us before we knew it into a canyon, narrow and tall on both sides with no other negotiable ground than the arroyo's channel bed. Halfway up the canyon there is another arroyo which comes from north to south. We continued

210. The Duchesne River. They considered the present-day Strawberry to be the upper San Cosme or Duchesne River. The campsite was in a meadow on the western side of the Duchesne River and about a mile above the town of Duchesne, Utah.

211. A little more than 23.5 miles.

212. That is, 231.5 miles.

213. Over 750 miles from Santa Fe.

214. The three rivers mentioned are the lower Duchesne, the Lake Fork, and the upper Duchesne (named the Santa Catarina de Sena).

215. The Uinta Mountains.

northwest through the one we were following, and after going four leagues, which with the many windings came to be north-northwest, we got out of the canyon, which we named *Las Golondrinas*²¹⁶ for there being many nests of these birds in it, built with such symmetry that they looked like tiny pueblos. Then we continued over a sagebrush stretch of good terrain, and at half a league's travel west-northwest we swung west by going up a gradual hill with some tree growth; then, after descending it, we started over a plain across which a well-beaten path goes from north to south.

At the plain's end we descended by a high ridge, rocky and steep, to the water source which we named *San Eustaquio*²¹⁷ having traveled two and a half leagues west. This water source is perennial and copious, and there is abundant pasturage by it. We arrived very tired, both on account of the day's march's painful travel and because a very cold west wind did not cease blowing very hard all day long. Today ten leagues²¹⁸

On the 20th we set out from *San Eustaquio*, leaving dead one of the strongest horses we had — it was the one which had broken its neck at *Santa Cruz del Río de San Buenaventura*. We went southwest up a long but gradual incline, then swung west for a little less than three leagues and a quarter over a stretch of sagebrush, flat but bothersome, and with a lot of small prickly pear cactus.

We entered a short, narrow valley, ample and gently sloping, and at a quarter league's travel south-southwest we turned west again and went down to a small river which runs east and could be the one we previously named *San Cosme*. We crossed the river, and to the west-southwest we went up another spreading incline, but gradual and easy to travel; then, after a mile we swung to the southwest for nearly two leagues through a very pretty and pleasant narrow valley with the most abundant pastures. We halted at the end of the narrow valley, at a small marsh with a good deal of pasturage, and which in the middle has a good water spring that we named *Ojo de Santa Lucía*²¹⁹

September 20

²¹⁶ "The Swallows." In the bottomlands of Rabbit Gulch swallows are abundant, the reason given in the diary for the name *Las Golondrinas*. The trail crosses the highway to Tabiona about one mile north of its junction with U.S. 40.

²¹⁷ Located in the meadows of Red Creek; however, the exact site of the camp cannot be identified, although a definite trail down from the ridge from the east somewhat fits the description. It is possibly two miles northwest from where U.S. Highway 40 crosses Red Creek.

²¹⁸ About $25\frac{1}{3}$ miles.

²¹⁹ At the top of Deep Creek drainage, one-half mile from Summit, alongside U.S. 40. From here the highway traveler passes along the Dominguez-Escalante trail west to the edge of Strawberry Reservoir.

Tonight it was so cold that even the water which stood close to the fire all night was frozen by morning. Today nine leagues²²⁰

September 21

On the 21st we set out from El Ojo de Santa Lucía toward the southwest along the same narrow valley which we just ascended through a grove of white poplar, and after going a quarter league we swung west for a league and three-quarters, now over bothersome sagebrush stretches, now through low, narrow valleys of very soft dirt and many small holes in which, because they lay hidden in the undergrowth, the mounts kept sinking and stumbling at every instant. Then we went down to a medium-sized river²²¹ in which good trout breed in abundance, two of which Joaquín the Laguna killed with arrows and caught, and each one must have weighed more than two pounds. This river runs to the southeast along a very pleasant valley with good pasturages, many springs, and beautiful groves of not very tall or thick white poplars. In it there are all the conveniences required for a settlement. We named it Valle de la Purísima²²².

The guide told us that in it for some time there had dwelt a portion of Lagunas, who depended on the said river's fishing for their more regular sustenance and who had moved out for fear of the Comanches, who were starting their incursions through this part of the sierra.

After crossing the river and climbing a hill, we came onto the valley floor; then, after going one league south-southwest through a narrow valley with a lot of sagebrush and bad surface, and at the end of three-quarters of a league, we crossed a small stream of very cold water²²³. We continued west another quarter league and entered a dense forest of white poplar, scrub oak, chokecherry, and spruce; then, through the same forest we took the southern slope of a forested narrow valley, and after going a league west by south crossed over to the other side. The guide, anxious to get there sooner than we ourselves could make it, was hurrying so fast that he vanished in the forest at every step, and we knew not where to follow him because, what with the great density of the forest, there neither was a foot path nor could his track be discerned in many places. He was ordered to go slow and always within our sight.

220. Over 23.5 miles.

221. Trout Creek, now buried under northeast bay of Strawberry Reservoir.

222. Strawberry Reservoir is now located here. From the present site of Duchesne, Utah, to present Strawberry Valley, the Dominguez-Escalante trail paralleled present U.S. Highway 40, keeping a mile or more to the north of it most of the way. That portion of the trail leading from the ridge down to the east shore of Strawberry Reservoir is virtually that of the present highway.

223. Bryant's Fork, now covered by the waters of Strawberry Reservoir. Here they crossed a ridge dividing the Colorado River Basin from the Great Basin.

We continued through the forest, which became denser the more we advanced, and after going west for half a league we emerged from it, arriving at a very lofty ridge.²²⁴ From here the guide pointed out to us the side on which the lake lay, and to the southeast of it the other side of the sierra where he told us there lived a great number of people of the same language and type as the Lagunas. Along this ridge we went southwest for a quarter league and descended it, breaking through almost impenetrable swaths of chokecherry and scrub oak and passing through another poplar forest so thick that we doubted if the packs could get through unless they were first taken off. In this forest the guide again began annoying us with his haste, so that we had to hold him back and never leave him to himself. In this dense growth Padre Fray Francisco Atanasio got a hard blow on one knee against a poplar tree.

We finally descended with great difficulty and labor into a deep and narrow valley in which, on finding enough of the pasturage which abounds throughout all this sierra, and water for ourselves and for the animal herd, we halted in it after having traveled a league west in the descent, naming the site San Mateo.²²⁵ Today six leagues and a half.²²⁶ Tonight we felt the cold more than in the previous ones.

On the 22nd we set out from San Mateo to the southwest along this narrow valley's north slope²²⁷ on which there were many dangerous defiles and slides, with no other trail than the one we went opening all along, and over the sierra's corrugated ruggedness which all over here made us change direction and wind about excessively at every step; suffice it to say that, after going about five leagues up and down hills and lofty shoulders, some of them craggy with rock, we descended by a lengthy negotiable ridge-cut with many pastures onto a brief plain which lies between two rivulets that join each other on it, having traveled a league southwest along the cut. Our horses were much worn out, there was plenty of pasturage, and so we halted on it, naming it San Lino.²²⁸ Today we traveled six long leagues²²⁹ and, because of so much winding about, they must have amounted to three

September 22

224. Strawberry Ridge at the top of Bryant's Fork.

225. On Sixth Water Creek, some two miles west of the summit.

226. About 17 miles.

227. They apparently crossed upper Diamond Creek and climbed around the north flank of Red Mountain, descending its western side.

228. Campsite was located at the junction of Wanrhodes Canyon and Diamond Creek -- very near the present Palmyra Campground.

229. Because they made "long leagues" this date, they probably journeyed close to 16 miles.

leagues toward the west-southwest with respect to San Mateo.

From the highest part of the last ridge-cut we saw a large number of big smoke signals being sent up, not too far away in the sierra itself and in front of us. Silvestre the guide said they belonged to some of his people possibly out hunting. We returned the message with others to avoid being mistaken, should they have seen us, for hostile people and so have them run away or welcome us with arrows. Again they began sending up bigger smoke clouds at the pass through which we had to go toward the lake -- and this made us believe that they had already seen us, for this is the handiest and the regular signal used for anything worth knowing about by all the peoples in this part of America. Hence we reminded Silvestre to be on the lookout tonight in case one of his own, who knew of our arrival, approached the king's camp to find out what people were coming. And about two in the morning, the hour when he figured we might have one or more close by, he spoke for a long while in their language, letting them know that we were peaceable folk, friendly and kind. We did not learn if anyone heard him.

September 23

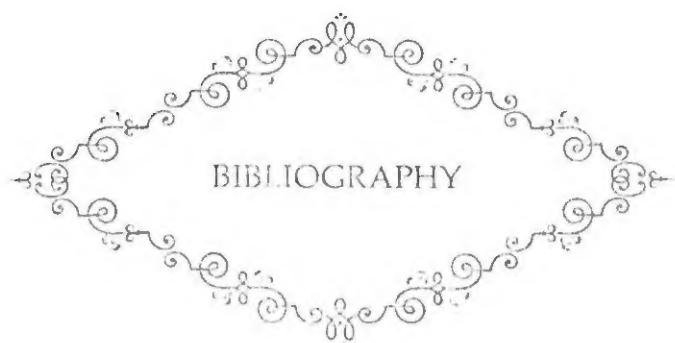
On the 23rd, knowing that we were approaching the lake⁽²³⁰⁾ and so that both Silvestre and Joaquín would arrive in their country or homeland with greater joy and more affectionate toward us, we gave each one anew a yard of woolen stuff and another of scarlet ribbon, with which they promptly managed to trim themselves. Silvestre the guide donned the blanket he had gotten before as though it were a mantle or cape, and the woolen cloth we now gave him as a wide band around the head, letting the two long ends hang loose down the back. In this way he paraded about on horseback, the living image of the [ransomed] captives which the redemptive [Mercedarian] padres parade in their procession on this feast day of Nuestra Señora de la Merced⁽²³¹⁾. This coincidence seemed like a happy omen of the good disposition of these captives, whose liberty we desired and besought of the Redeemer of the world through His immaculate Mother's intercession, who to encourage us to this end deigned to accept the title which the Church celebrates today.

We left San Lino early, heading southwest, went up a short hill, and on its top found a big anthill, all of very finely ground rock alum,

230. Utah Lake.

231. According to Msgr. Jerome Stoffel, September 23 was the Catholic feast day established in the Church calendar the previous century. It honored Mary, the Mother of Jesus Christ, as patron and consoler of those held captive. Hence the title Our Lady of Mercy. The padres saw it as an omen that they would enter the settlements of the Timpanogos people on this feast day in the Spanish concept of freeing these people from the slavery of sin and offering them the true freedom of Christ's redemption.





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The original journal maintained on the expedition has not yet been found. It was submitted to the governor of New Mexico on January 3, 1777, by Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez but is now apparently lost. Several days after it was submitted to the governor, it was borrowed back for a time by Father Domínguez and a copy was prepared by Fray José Palacio, secretary to Domínguez. This copy is now located in the Ayer Collection in the Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois. It came from the Mexican Ramírez Collection which consisted of much rifled material from El Convento Grande de San Francisco de Mexico, headquarters of the Franciscan Holy Gospel Province.

Another early manuscript copy is in the Archivo General de Indias (AGI), Seville, Spain. It is in the section Audiencia Guadalajara, 514. This bears the date of July 26, 1777, six months after the return of the expedition.

The Archivo General de Nación (AGN), Mexico City, also has two manuscript copies of the journal. One is in AGN, Historia 26, and was copied on December 27, 1792. The other is in AGN, Historia 62, and was copied in Chihuahua on June 22, 1797.

Other manuscript copies of the journal are in the Biblioteca del Palacio, Madrid; Biblioteca del Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores, Madrid; Biblioteca de la Real Academia de la Historia, Madrid; the British Museum, London; the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; and the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. These are presumably later copies of copies of the journal.

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arrived at the junction of two medium-sized rivers which descend from the mountains near here and north of the San Buenaventura River and flow east as one over the entire plain until they empty into the San Buenaventura. The more westerly one, which flows southwest above the junction, we named the San Damián [Strawberry-Duchesne], the other flowing east we named the San Cosme [White Rocks River]. We continued up the latter and after a league west we saw nearby the ruins of a very old pueblo, in which there were fragments of grinding stones, jars and earthen pots. The town was very nearly circular in shape, according to the evidences of the ruins now almost entirely covered with earth. We changed our course southwest over the plain which lies between the two rivers. We climbed some hills of loose stone, very difficult for the animals whose hoofs were already bruised. We descended to another valley of the San Cosme River, and after a half league to the southwest, and a league and a half west through this valley, we camped there, naming it the Ribera de San Cosme. We made eight leagues today.

Shortly after stopping we saw smoke signals at the foot of the ridge. We asked the guide who he thought might be making them. He said that they might be Comanches or some of the Lagunas who were in the habit of hunting in this region.

September 18. We left the San Cosme River. The guide wanted to cross to the other side and travel along it, but he plunged us into an almost impenetrable thicket or bramble and into marshes, which compelled us to retrace our steps and to cross the river three times, making many useless turns, then along a plain near its valley we walked three leagues southwest; we changed our course to the west-southwest for a league; we crossed the river a fifth time and again we marched west. Now following along the valley of the river and now along a nearby plain we walked three and a quarter leagues. We climbed a summit that was not too high and flat on top with a great many stones. We walked about three-fourths of a league, including the ascent and descent, and crossed another small river which enters the San Cosme River near here, which we named the Santa Catarina de Sena [Duchesne] River, and we stopped on its bank. We walked nine leagues today.

From the settlement of the Sabuaganas and the place of San Antonio Martir up to here we counted eighty-eight leagues; and from Santa Fé two hundred and eighty-seven.

In the vicinity of these three rivers which we crossed today there is good land, and sufficient for planting and easily irrigated. There are beautiful poplar groves, good pasturage, lumber and timber, not too far away, for three good-sized towns.

From the land of the Comanches there descends a long, high ridge of mountains, which runs northeast to southwest to the land

of the Lagunas, for a distance of more than seventy leagues, as far as we could judge. This range toward the north of the San Buenaventura River had its highest hills and summits covered with snow at this time of the year. For this reason we named it the Sierra Blanca de los Lagunas [Uintas?]. We shall begin to climb it tomorrow and cross over it at the point where it seems least high.

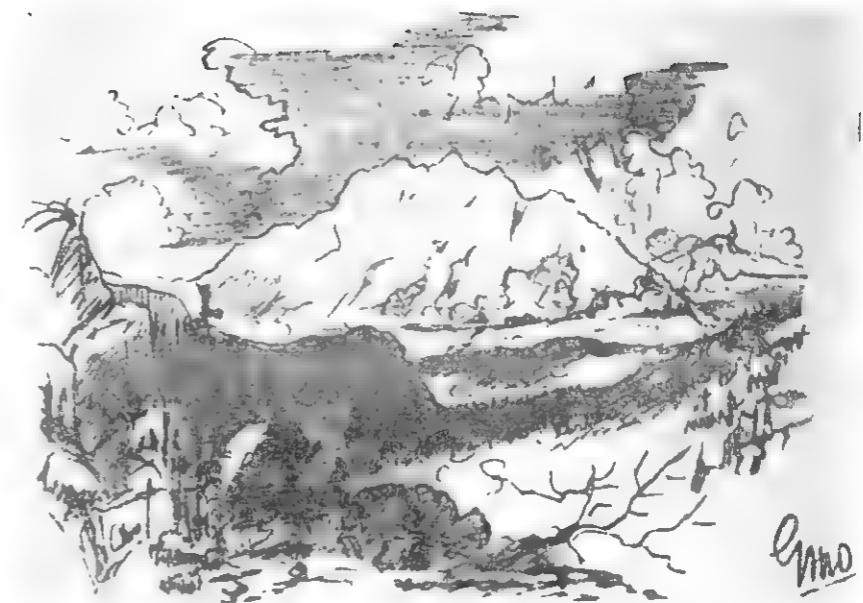
September 19. We started from the Santa Catarina de Sena River going southwest, without a trail. We climbed an easy, short, but very stony slope, and after a fourth of a league we went west. We descended to the bank of the San Cosme River and along it we traveled two and a quarter leagues, making various detours over ground almost impassable either because of the loose stone or because of the precipices and chasms. In one of these a horse was injured and this obliged us to go back about a mile and to descend to another valley of the river. We crossed this valley breaking through a thicket of rock-rose and tall reeds, and after a half league to the west we directed our course toward the northwest, using as a road the bed of a dry brook [arroyo]. We climbed the mountains and left the San Cosme River and continued along the arroyo which led us very gradually to a closed canyon, high and steep on all sides, without other means to continue our march than the bed of the arroyo. In the center of the canyon there is another brook which runs from north to south. We continued along the brook by which we had come northwest, and after four leagues on a west-northwest course, because of the many windings, we climbed out of the canyon which we named Golondrinas [Swallows] Canyon, because it contained the nests of many of these birds, placed so symmetrically that they look like small towns. We continued then through a chamiso thicket of good ground, and after a half league west-northwest we went west, climbing a gentle, wooded hill; after descending this hill we entered a plain cut through from north to south by a much traveled trail. Leaving the plain we descended by a high slope, stony and steep, to the watering place which we named the San Eustaquio, having covered two leagues and a half west. This watering place is abundant and permanent and around it there is good pasture. We arrived very tired, both on account of the painful journey and because throughout the entire day a very cold wind blew steadily from the west. We covered ten leagues today.

September 20. We started from San Eustaquio, leaving behind as dead one of the strongest horses we had had with us, the one which had broken its neck when it fell into a hole at Santa Cruz on the San Buenaventura River. We climbed southwest up a wide but not steep slope, then changed west, after somewhat less than three and a quarter leagues through a flat but difficult thicket of chamiso and much low nopal. We entered a short canyon, wide and extensive, and descended to a little river which flows east, and

is, perhaps, the same one we called the San Cosme. We crossed it and following a course west-southwest we climbed an easy slope. After a mile we went southwest for about two leagues, along a very pleasant valley with very rich pasture. We camped at the end of a ravine in a strip of marshland with much pasture; in its midst was a good spring of water which we named the Ojo de Santa Lucia. It was so cold last night that even the water, left all night by the fire, was frozen in the morning. Today we made five leagues.

September 21. We left Ojo de Santa Lucia, traveling southwest along the same ravine; we had just climbed through a forest of white poplars, and after a fourth of a league we went west for a league and three-quarters, now through troublesome thickets, now along low ravines of soft soil and with many small holes into which the animals sank and stumbled every now and then because they were hidden by the bushes. Then we descended to a medium-sized river in which is found in abundance excellent trout, two of which the Laguna Joaquin caught and killed with an arrow. Each one of them might weigh something over two pounds. This river runs southeast through a pretty valley with good pasture, many springs and picturesque forests of white poplar, not very tall or thick. In this valley is found everything necessary for a settlement. We called it the Valley de la Purisima. [The Most Pure Virgin; probably Strawberry Valley]. The guide Silvestre told us that in this valley a number of Lagunas had dwelt for a while. They depended on fishing as their main source of food and were away for fear of the Comanches who were beginning their incursions into this part of the country. After crossing the river and climbing a hill we entered the plain of the valley, and after a league southwest we changed to a westerly course along a ravine with much chamiso and where the going was difficult. Three-quarters of a league farther on we crossed a little river of very cold water. We continued west another fourth of a league and we entered a thick forest of white poplars, low oaks, capulin, and rose vine. In the same forest we went along the southern slope of a mountain ravine and after a league west, a quarter south, we crossed the other side.

The guide, anxious to arrive [back in his homeland] sooner than was possible, went so quickly that every few minutes he was hidden from us in the woods and we did not know where to follow him, because, in addition to the density of the forest, there was no trail, nor could we recognize his tracks in places. We ordered him to proceed slowly and always within sight of us. We continued through the forest, which became thicker the more we advanced and after a half-league west, we left it behind and reached a very high hill, from which the guide pointed out to us the region where the lake lay, and to the southeast of it another section of the moun-



View of Mt. Nebo from Spanish Fork Canyon.

Sketched by George M. Ottinger,
Pioneer artist, about 1865.

tain range which, he told us, was inhabited by many people of the same language and character as the Lagunas. Over this hill we went southwest for a quarter of a league and then we descended it going west, breaking through almost impenetrable thickets of capulin and low oaks, and passing another forest of poplars so closely grown that we did not think it possible for the pack animals to get through without first being unloaded. In this forest the guide started to worry us again by his speed, so much so that he compelled us to restrain him and not to leave him alone. In this dense wood Father Fray Atanasio struck his knee a hard blow against a poplar. We finally descended with great difficulty and effort to a deep, narrow valley and there, finding sufficient pasture (there is plenty of it in all these mountains) and water for us and the animals, we stopped after going west downhill for a league. We named the place San Mateo. We advanced today six and a half leagues. We were much colder last night than on the preceding nights.

September 22. We left San Mateo going southeast by the northern slope of this mountain glade in which there are many precipices and dangerous slides, without any trail but the one we were breaking over the rough and uneven places of the mountains. Through this region we were obliged many times to change our course and to make many detours. We can only say that we walked about five leagues climbing and descending hills and elevations, some of them covered with small stones. We descended by a gentle slope, flat and with much pasture, to a short plain between two rivers which make their junction here. After walking through the opening we traveled a league southwest. The animals were very tired; there was much pasture and therefore we set up camp and called the place San Lino. Today we walked six leagues, which, owing to the many detours, would be about three leagues from San Mateo, going west-southwest.

From the highest point of the last summit we saw many large smoke signals rising not far away in the same ridge and in front of us. The guide Silvestre said that the signals were made by some of his people who were probably out hunting. We replied with our own signals, so that if they had already seen us, they would not take us for enemies or flee, or greet us with arrows. They sent up bigger smoke signals in the pass through which we had to go to reach the lake; this made us believe that they had already seen us, because this is the most rapid and common method of warning used on any unusual occasion by all the tribes in this part of America. Therefore we warned Silvestre to watch carefully that night in case some of his people, who knew of our arrival, should come to our camp to see the kind of people we were. About two in the morning when we supposed that we might have one or several of them near-by, the guide started talking at length in his

language, giving them to understand that we were peaceful, friendly and good people. We do not know whether any one heard him.

September 23. Knowing now that we were approaching the lake, in order that Silvestre and Joaquin might enter their home country happy and attached to us, we gave each again a measure of woolen material and another of red cloth, with which they proceeded to adorn themselves. The guide Silvestre put on the blanket received earlier, like a cloak or cape, and the woolen material we just gave him like a wide sash around his head, leaving the two broad ends hanging loose over his shoulders. He rode that way looking exactly like the captives whom the Redemptionist Fathers show in their procession on the festival day of Nuestra Señora de la Merced. This chance resemblance seemed to us a happy presage of the kind temper of those captives for whose freedom we wished and asked the Redeemer of the world, through the intervention of His Divine Mother, who to encourage us in this, took the name by which the Church celebrates her today.

We left San Lino early, traveling southwest. We climbed a short hill and on top of it we found a large ant hill, all made of bits of alum stone, purified [pure] and crystallized. We descended to the little San Lino River, and after a league through its short valleys which are very flat, we went west down along the river. Here it is joined by another smaller river and along both rivers there are good inlets and everything necessary for raising cattle. Going west down river for three-fourths of a league, we saw and crossed three abundant springs of warm water, which we touched and tasted; it is of the same sulphurous warmth as the water near the pueblo of San Diego de los Hemes in Nuevo-Méjico. We continued west another three-fourths of a league and entered the narrowest part of the river canyon and turned a mile to the north. Here are three more springs of water like the first ones [Castilla Springs?]. All of them have their source at the foot of an extremely high mountain, very close to the river on the northern shore, and they flow into the river. For this reason we named it the Rio de Aguas Calientes [Spanish Fork River].

In this narrow part of the canyon there are some difficult places, but easily managed. We continued northwest for a half league and crossed to the other bank of the river; we climbed a small hill and we saw the lake and vast valley of Nuestra Señora de la Merced de los Timpanogotzis (this is the name we will give it from now on) [Utah Valley]. We also saw that everywhere there were smoke signals rising in succession carrying in this way the news of our arrival. We descended to the plain and entered the valley; we crossed the river again and marching through its vast valleys and along its northern bank a little over a league, we crossed to the other shore and in one of its southern valleys, which we named the Vega del Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesús [Plain of the

Sweet Name of Jesus], we pitched camp. We walked five and a half leagues today.

We found the pasture in the valleys we were crossing recently burnt, and still burning in other near-by valleys. From this we suspected that these Indians had mistaken us for Comanches, or another unfriendly tribe, and as they had perhaps seen that we had horses with us they had decided to set fire to the pasture lands along our route so that the lack of fodder would compel us to leave the plain more quickly. But since the plain is very large and wide, they were unable to burn it all in such a short time, although they had set the fires at many points. Our small party therefore remained at the same place and as soon as we encamped Father Fray Francisco Atanasio set out for the first huts, together with the guide Silvestre, his companion Joaquin and the interpreter Andrés Muñiz. They galloped as fast as the horses could be driven to reach the place in the afternoon. Six leagues and a half north-northwest they reached the village. Some of the Indians came out to receive them with weapons in hand to defend their homes and families, but as soon as Silvestre spoke to them, all these warlike preparations were changed to sincere expressions of peace and affection. We led them back very joyfully to their poor huts, and after embracing them and assuring them that we came in peace and that we loved them as we loved our best friends, the Father gave them time to talk leisurely with our guide Silvestre who told them the story of what he had seen and observed.

From the time he began he spoke so very much in our favor, and of our purpose in coming there, that we could not desire anything better. He told them at length how well we had treated him, and of our love for him, and among other things he told them with great awe that, although the Lagunas had told us that the Comanches would kill us or would steal our horses, we had passed through the lands they most frequent, and had even found their very recent tracks, yet they had not come to us, nor had we seen them; thus proving what the Fathers had said, that God would preserve us from all our enemies, so that even should we travel over their land they would not hear us nor would we see them. He finished his speech by telling them that only the Fathers tell the truth, that in their company one might travel all over the earth without risk, and that only the Spaniards were good people. They were still further strengthened in this belief at seeing the boy Joaquin so proud in our company that he had no yearning for his own people and would not leave the Father, except to take care of the animals we had brought with us. He scarcely wanted to speak to them and by no means to remain near them, but always near the Father, sleeping the little time he had by his side. It was a thing worthy of admiration not only by his people but also by us, he being an

Indian boy from the most remote region who had never before this time seen either Fathers or Spaniards.

After they had talked for a long while on this subject, many people from neighboring camps arrived, and after giving all of them tobacco, the Father, through the interpreter and Silvestre, who already had some instruction, told them the reasons for our visit and that the main one was to seek the salvation of their souls and to show them the only ways in which they might attain this salvation, the principal, first, and most necessary one being to believe in only one true God, to love Him and obey Him in all ways, and to do everything contained in His Holy and Immaculate Law. He said that he would teach them all this more clearly and extensively, and that he would baptize them if they wished to become Christians, and that some Fathers would come to teach them, and some Spaniards to live among them; that in this case they would also be taught how to plant, and to raise cattle. By these means they would have food and clothes like the Spaniards. If they were willing to live as God directs, and the Fathers would teach them, our captain, whom we call the rey [king], and who is very rich and powerful, would send them everything necessary. If they became Christians our king would look upon them as his own children and would care for them as if they were his own people.

Then he told them that we had to continue our journey to find out what had happened to the other Father, our brother, and would need one of them to guide us to the next known tribe, which in turn would lend us another guide. Silvestre helped us a great deal during the parley. They listened with pleasure and answered that they were ready for anything, showing their great gentleness. Although two leaders had come, he who commanded the tribe was not near. The Father therefore requested that he be called. They answered that his house was far away and that he would come next morning. After that they went to their huts, and some of them remained all night in conversation with our Silvestre.

September 24. We asked our companions by the intermediary of Joaquin and another Laguna of ours to come from Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesús to the hamlet where we were, and where were assembled the Indians of this and other settlements. They arrived a little before noon. The chief leader came early with the other two captains, several elders and many others. We repeated to them, with more details, what we had said before, and all unanimously answered that should the Fathers come, they would live with the Tatos (that is the name the Yutas give the Fathers), that the Fathers would command and teach them, that they offered the Spaniards all their land to build their houses where they pleased, adding that they would explore the land and would watch over the activities of the Comanches so that if these entered the valley

or the neighboring mountains, the Spaniards would know at once and all together would meet them and punish them.

Seeing such admirable gentleness and having accomplished our purpose, we told them that when our journey was finished, we would come back with other Fathers and Spaniards to baptize them and to live with them; but from now on they should think carefully about what they had just promised, so that they would not repent afterward. They answered that they were firm in what they promised, adding with many entreaties that we would not delay long in returning. We told them that although all of our people would believe what we would say about them, they should give us a token that they wanted to become Christians, to show to our great captain and to the rest of the Spaniards, so that they would better believe their good desires and would come sooner. We did this to judge better their inner thoughts. They answered that they would willingly give us this token the next morning.

Then we gave the leader, who was a nice looking man, a cutlass and some white beads, and Don Bernardo Miera gave him a small hatchet. To the rest we gave white glass beads, a few to each one because they were many. For this they were happy and appreciative. We reminded them of their promise of a guide and told them that if they were willing, we would take Joaquin with us, since he wanted to remain with us. They answered that they had already discussed the matter and decided that not only Joaquin, but also a new guide would come back with us when we returned; adding that none of them knew very well the land through which our course would take us, but with both of them, Joaquin and the guide, we would ask for information from the tribes along our way. This statement, so clear and complete, made in the greatest sincerity, filled us with an immense joy, and we were absolutely sure that without the least attempt at deceit and entirely of their own free will, inspired by divine grace, they admitted and desired Christianity. We placed before them the same objects we had given Silvestre, so that seeing them they would decide who should come with us as a guide. One of them accepted the presents at once, and he was considered from then on our guide and companion. We gave him the name of José María. After this we decided to continue our route the following day toward the settlements and harbor of Monterey.

They informed us that there was a sick boy there, and asked us to go and see him and baptize him. We went and finding him already grown up and almost recovered of his serious illness and out of real danger, did not think it expedient to baptize him. Afterward his mother brought him to our camp asking us to baptize him, but we consoled her by telling her that we would be back shortly and would baptize them all, both adults and children.

Finally we told them that we were short of provisions, and

that we would be very pleased if they would sell us some dried fish. They brought it and we bought a good third of it. All day and part of the night they kept coming and talking with us; and we found them all simple, docile, peaceful and affectionate. Our Silvestre was now looked upon with respect and he acquired 'a certain authority among them for having taken us to them and for being considered highly by us.

September 25. In the morning they came back and delivered to us the promised token of friendship, explaining to us what it meant, according to what we asked the day before. We warned the interpreter that neither he nor the others should say anything to the Indians about this in order to see what they of their own accord would give us. But while the token was being brought, a companion who did not know the order we had given saw the figures on the token, and showing the Indians the Cross of a rosary asked them to paint it on one of the figures. They took the token back and painted a small cross on each figure; the rest remained as it was before and they gave the token to us, explaining that the figure which on both sides had more red ochre (or blood, as they said) represented the chief-leader because in the battles with the Comanches he had received more wounds than the others. The other two figures which were not so covered with blood, represented the other two leaders, inferior to the first one, and the figure without any blood represented a man who was not a war leader but held authority among them. These four figures of men were crudely painted with earth and red ochre on a small piece of chamois [buckskin]. We accepted them saying that the great captain of the Spaniards would be very happy on seeing the token and that when we came again we would bring it with us for them to see how much we esteemed their present, and in order that the figures would remind them of their promises, and all we had agreed upon. We told them that if they had troubles with illness or with their enemies before we came back, they should call upon God saying: "God of Truth, help us, assist us." Seeing that they could not pronounce these words well, we told them to say only: "Jesús, María, Jesús, María." This they began to repeat easily, led very fervently by our Silvestre, and while we were getting ready for our departure, they never stopped repeating the holy names. The time for departure arrived, and all took farewell of us with signs of love; Silvestre especially embraced us, almost crying. They begged us again not to delay our return, saying that they would look for us within a year.

...y no se cumple con su promesa de ser un gran jefe. Exageraciones, exageraciones, exageraciones: /
buen bocaz. Tado el dia, y, para todo el resto de la noche estuvieron riéndose, y conversando con
nosotros, y, al otro dia experimentaron otros resultados, soniles, apacibles, y placenteros. Hasta
ellos estuvieron satisfechos con respecto a lo que les autorizó el otro dia el jefe Martínez de la Cruz, y se
atendieron de nosotros.

ver, diciendo, que dentro de un año no esperaban.
Descripción del Valle y laguna de S. i de la Noroeste de los Timpanos, y de la laguna de Cone-Pescada. Todos estos nombres quedan por la parte septentrional del Río de S. Puebla, como ya indicamos arriba, trae una Vieraa, y en la que alcanzamos a traer en su parte de norte a sudoeste mas de 70 leg. y de ancho, y marcaria tendra pondonde mas de 100, y por donde nosotros la paramos 80. En esta Vieraa en la parte del oeste, en los de 60 a 80 min como al noreste de la al norte de la Villa de S. i de esta el Valle de S. i de la Noroeste de los Timpanos cuya laguna se encuentra en la parte meridional de Vieraa. De las quales valen de 100 medianos, y lo daran corriendo por el trato entrar en la laguna, que tiene en medio. El plano del Valle se tendra de norte a sudoeste 16 leg. españolas, y con las que en el diccionario numeramos, y de norte a sudoeste 10, ó 12. Estos Timpanos, y a excepcion de las cienegas, que estan a orillas de la laguna, de muy buena calidad de tierra, que para todo genero de rieblas. De los tritos, que lo daran, el primero arra el trigo en otoño, que calienta: en suya dilatadas Vegas tritornos suficiente de riego para

A page from the Escalante Diary—September 25, 1776.

*Description of the valley and lake of Nuestra Señora de la Merced
de los Timpanogotzis, or Timpanoautzis, or Come Pescado:
all three names are used.*

On the northern side of the San Buenaventura River, as we said before, there is a ridge of mountains and from what we could see of it, it runs from northeast to southwest more than seventy leagues. In its widest part it is more than forty leagues, and where we crossed it, perhaps thirty. In this ridge, on the western side, at $40^{\circ}49'$ latitude, northwest, a quarter north of the town of Santa Fé, is situated the Valley de Nuestra Señora de la Merced de los Timpanoautzis, surrounded by the highest peaks of the ridge from which four medium-sized rivers descend which irrigate the valley, flowing until they enter the lake which is in the center. The plain of the valley from southeast to northwest extends about sixteen Spanish leagues [one Spanish league equals 2.63 miles] (which are the kind we enumerate in this diary) and from northeast to southwest ten or twelve leagues. It is all clear land except for the marshes by the side of the lake where the soil is good for every kind of planting.

Of the four rivers which irrigate the valley, the first one on the southern side is the Aguas Calientes River [Spanish Fork], in whose extensive valleys there is ground enough, easily irrigated, for two large towns. The second river, going north, three leagues from the first one, is more abundant and can support a large town or two smaller ones, there being much good soil, easily irrigated. This river, before emptying into the lake, is divided into two branches. On its banks, in addition to the poplars, there are tall alder-trees. We named it the San Nicolás River [apparently Spring Creek and Hobble Creek]. Three leagues and a half northwest is the third river, of flat valleys with good soil for planting. It is more abundant than the two above mentioned; it has larger poplar groves and valleys of good soil with sufficient water to support two or even three large towns.

We spent September 24th and 25th by its bank and named it the San Antonio de Padua River [Provo River]. We did not reach the fourth river, though we could see its poplar groves. It is situated northwest of the San Antonio River, and it has on this side much flat and seemingly good soil. They told us it has as much water as the others, and therefore several settlements or villages could be established by it. We named it the Santa Ana River [American Fork River]. In addition to these rivers there are in the plain many springs of good water and several springs which issue from the mountains. What we have just said concerning the towns, meant giving each one of them much more land than it would really need; if each town should take only one league of land for cultivation, there would be as many towns in the valley as there are in Nuevo-México; so that even if we offer large

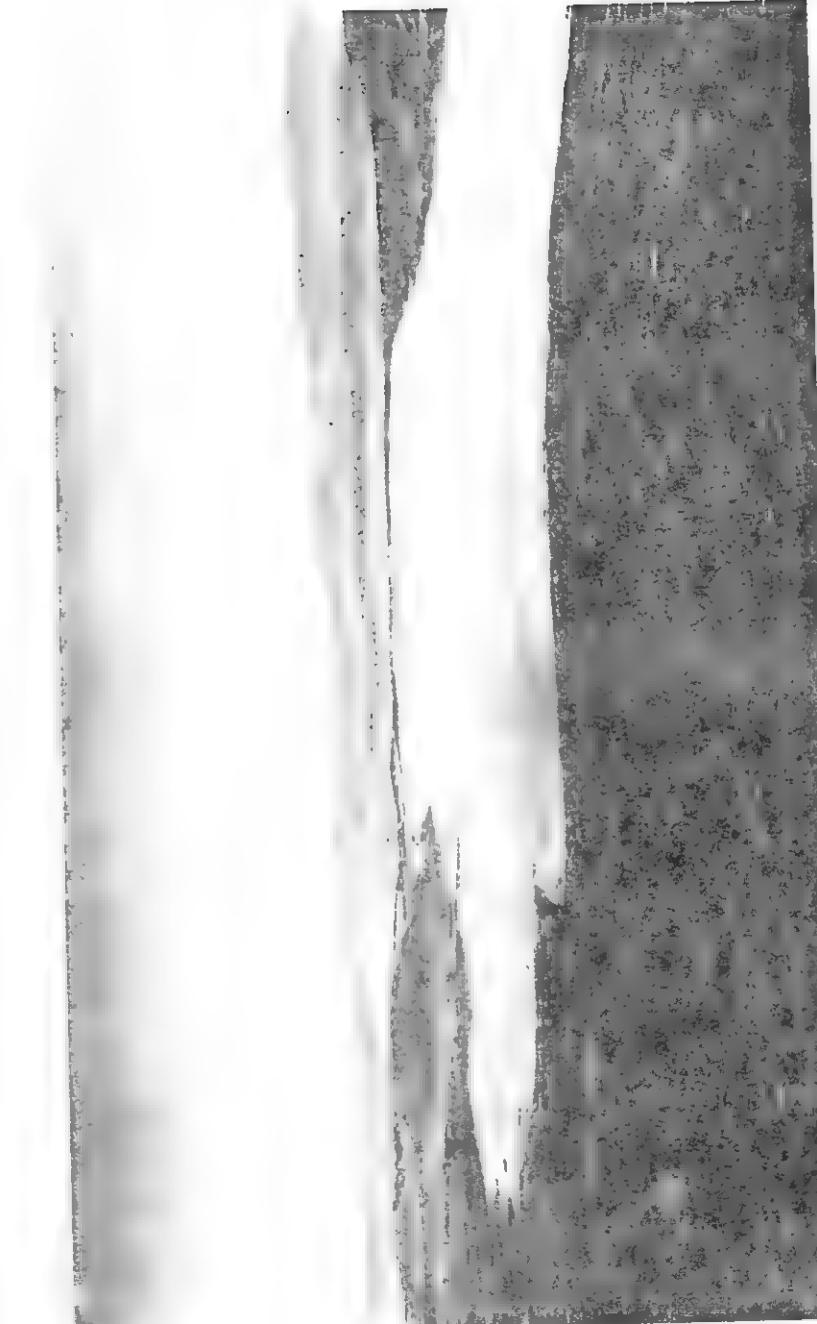
stretches of land on the upper bank, on the lower bank there are wide sections of good earth.

Throughout the valley there is much good pasture and in some places flax and hemp grow in such abundance that it seems as though they had been planted deliberately. The climate is also good here because after suffering from the cold from the time we left the San Buenaventura River, now, night and day, throughout the valley, we feel very warm. Beside these excellent natural features, the surrounding mountains contain sufficient timber and fire-wood, many shelters, springs and pasture lands to raise cattle and horses. All this is true of the north, northeast, east and southeast parts. On the south and southwest there are two other extensive valleys, also with abundant pasture and sufficient water. The lake extends to one of these valleys. It may be about six leagues wide and fifteen long and runs northwest. By means of a narrow opening, according to what they told us, it unites with others very much larger. The Timpanogotzis Lake is teeming with several kinds of edible fish, in addition to geese, beaver, and other land and water animals, which we did not see.

In the surrounding area dwell Indians who live on the abundant fish supply from the lake; for this reason the Yutas Sabuaganas call them the Come Pescado [Fish-Eaters]. In addition, they gather green seeds on the plain and make gruel with them to which they add their catches of hares, rabbits, and wild hens of which there are many around here; they also have buffalo not far away to the north-northwest, but fear of the Comanches keeps them from this game. Their dwelling places are huts or wigwams built of withes [willows], of which they also make unusual baskets and other necessary utensils. Their clothes are very poor, the most decent thing they wear is a jacket of chamois [buckskin] leather and high boots of the same material. For cold weather they have blankets of hare and rabbit skins. They speak the Yuta language, but with a marked difference in the pronunciation and also in some of the words. Their features are good and most of them wear heavy, thick beards. Many individuals of the same tribe, language and gentle disposition inhabit all the southeast, south-southwest and west of these mountains. With them an extensive and well populated province can be formed.

The real names of the leaders already mentioned are, in their language: the chief leader, Turuñianchi; the second leader, Cuitzupunchi; the third leader, who is our Silvestre, Panchucumquibiran (which means "talker"); the fourth, who is not a leader but a brother of the chief leader, Picuchi.

The other lake [Great Salt Lake] with which this one is connected, so they informed us, stretches for many leagues. Its waters are harmful or extremely salty, wherefore the Timpanois Indians assure us that anybody getting a part of his body wet, instantly



Utah Lake, looking southwest from the summit of Mt. Timpanogos.
Escalante touched the Lake near the left (southeast) extremity.

feels a severe itching around the wet part. They told us that around it lives a populous and peaceful tribe named the Puagampe (which in our tongue means hechiceros [witch doctors or wizards]). This tribe speaks the Comanche language, feeds on grasses, drinks from several springs of good water to be found around the lake. Their huts are built of dry grass with roofs of earth. They are not enemies of the Lagunas, according to what was hinted, but because on one occasion, when they approached and killed a man, they are not considered as neutral as before. On this occasion they entered through the last pass of the Sierra Blanca de los Timpanosis (which is the same range they inhabit now) by the north, a quarter northwest; and through this same pass they say that the Comanches make their visits, which do not seem to be very frequent.

The Timpanogotzis are named for the lake around which they live, which is called the Timpanogo [Rock or Rocky]. This is a strange name for this lake, because the name or word used to signify any lake is Pagariri. This lake may be six leagues wide and fifteen long as far as the narrow opening and its union with the other larger lake.

September 25. We started out about one in the afternoon from the first huts and the San Antonio River along the same way we took coming, and after three leagues and a half or a little more, we stopped for the night on the bank of the San Nicolás River.

September 26. We set out with the two Laguna Indians, José María and Joaquin, from the San Nicolás River. We reached the Aguas Calientes River, crossed it and after two leagues to the south, we stopped again on the same plain, by a brook of very good water, which we named the Arroyo de San Andrés [Salem Creek]. It seems to be constantly flowing water; therefore it seems more like a small river or a spring than an arroyo. Along its banks there is a type of fairly tall tree whose leaves nourish large numbers of small creatures, as foreign to our experience as the tree itself. Today we marched two leagues.

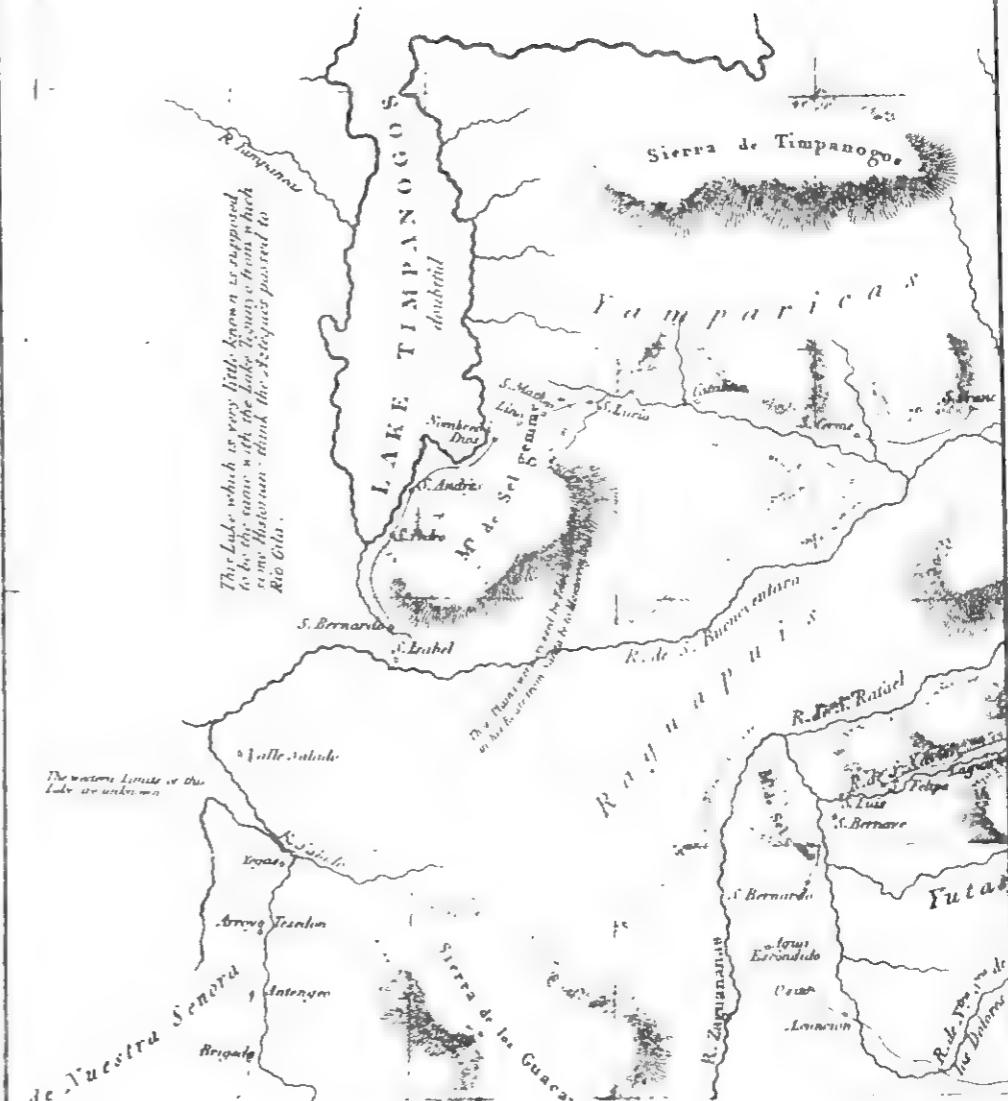
September 27. We left the Arroyo of San Andrés going south, and a league farther on over the plain we crossed another small river with as much water as in a medium-sized ditch. It flows on a level with the ground over which it passes, which makes the soil very good for planting. We continued south over the same plain for a league and a half, and went through the southern pass which we named the Puerto de San Pedro, and entered another extensive valley in which there are, close by to the east, the salt mines from which the Timpanois Indians take their supply. We named it the Valle de las Salinas, which is one of the valleys already mentioned. It may extend fourteen leagues from north to south, and about five from east to west. The whole of it is flat; it has very abundant springs and pastures, although only a small river runs through it.

In this valley there are numerous hens, of the kind we have already mentioned in this diary. We walked another four leagues south over the level part of the valley and we camped near a very abundant spring of good water, which we named the Ojo de San Pablo. As soon as we stopped, José María and Joaquín brought in five Indians from the nearby dwellings. We gave them food and tobacco and we made them the same proposal we made to the other Indians at the lake. We found them to be as gentle and affectionate as the others, showing great joy on hearing that more Fathers and other Spaniards would come to live with them. They remained with us until about midnight. Today we covered six leagues and a half south.

September 28. We started from the Ojo de San Pablo, traveling south. After four leagues we arrived at a small river which descends from the same eastern side of the mountains where, according to what they told us, the salt mines are. We stopped here a short while in the shade of the poplars on its bank to get relief from the great heat. We were scarcely seated when through a thick growth of willows approached eight Indians in great fear. Most of them were naked, except for a piece of chamois skin covering their loins. We spoke to them and they spoke to us, but without understanding one another, because the two Lagunas and the interpreter were traveling ahead of us. By signs we gave them to understand that we were peaceful people and their friends. We continued south and after three leagues we turned southeast a half league, another half league south and stopped in the same valley by a spring which we named the San Bernardino. We covered eight leagues today almost all south.

September 29. We started from the San Bernardino spring, going south-southwest, and met six Indians, and we talked a long while with them, by means of the interpreter and the Lagunas, and they listened to our exhortations with great attention. After walking two leagues and a half, we turned southwest, leaving behind the Salinas Range, which still continues south. Here we met an old Indian of venerable mien. He was alone in a little hut and his beard was so thick and long that he looked like one of the European hermits. He gave us information concerning a nearby river and some land which we had not yet explored. We walked southwest a half league and turned west-northwest through small glades and barren hills and after a league and a half we reached the river without seeing it until we were on its very bank, and we stopped in a valley of good pasturage which we named the Valley of Santa Isabel [Sevier River]. Here we took the altitude of the north star and found the latitude to be $39^{\circ}4'$. Today we marched four leagues.

After we had camped for a short while, four Indians arrived

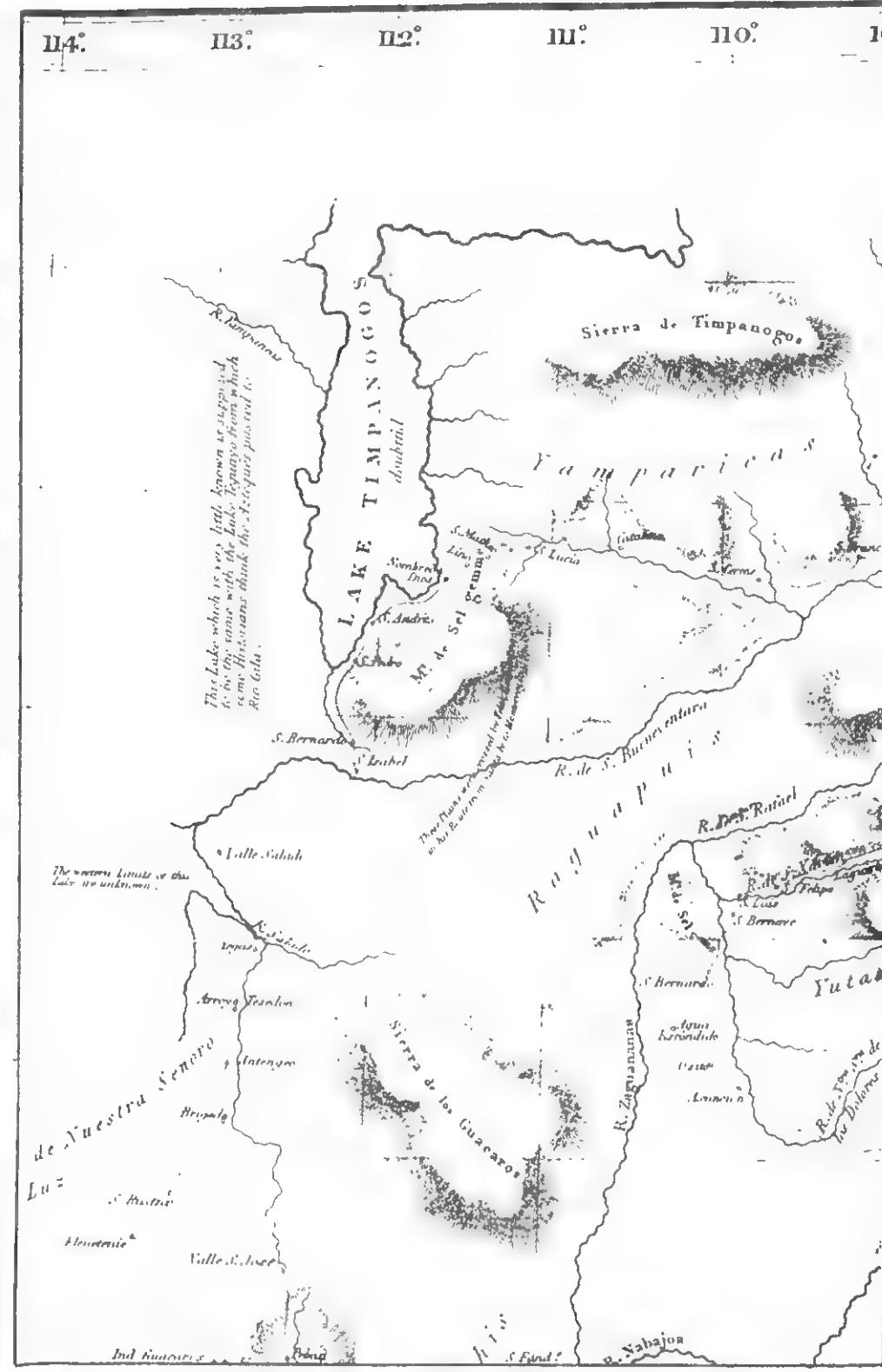


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A map of Aaron Arrowsmith, exhibiting all the new discoveries in the interior parts of North America. London, 1814(?)

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Beside Lake Timpanogos is the interesting notation: "This Lake which is very little known is supposed to be the same with the Lake Texuño from which some Historians think the Azteques passed to Rio Gila."

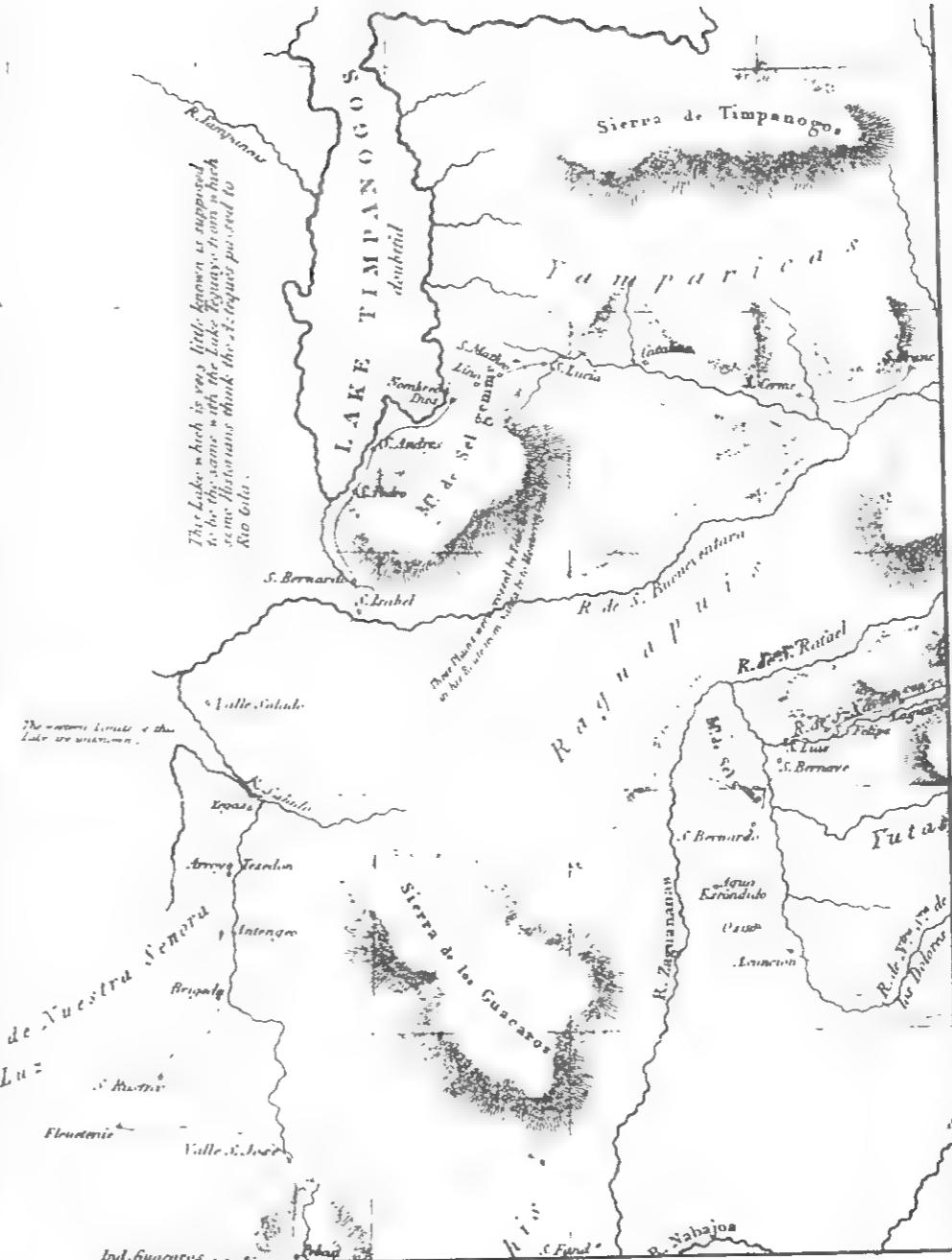
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As soon as we stopped, José María and Joaquín brought in five Indians from the nearby dwellings. We gave them food and tobacco and we made them the same proposal we made to the other Indians at the lake. We found them to be as gentle and affectionate as the others, showing great joy on hearing that more Fathers and other Spaniards would come to live with them. They remained with us until about midnight. Today we covered six leagues and a half south.

September 28. We started from the Ojo de San Pablo, traveling south. After four leagues we arrived at a small river which descends from the same eastern side of the mountains where, according to what they told us, the salt mines are. We stopped here a short while in the shade of the poplars on its bank to get relief from the great heat. We were scarcely seated when through a thick growth of willows approached eight Indians in great fear. Most of them were naked, except for a piece of chamois skin covering their loins. We spoke to them and they spoke to us, but without understanding one another, because the two Lagunas and the interpreter were traveling ahead of us. By signs we gave them to understand that we were peaceful people and their friends. We continued south and after three leagues we turned southeast a half league, another half league south and stopped in the same valley by a spring which we named the San Bernardino. We covered eight leagues today almost all south.

September 29. We started from the San Bernardino spring, going south-southwest, and met six Indians, and we talked a long while with them, by means of the interpreter and the Lagunas, and they listened to our exhortations with great attention. After walking two leagues and a half, we turned southwest, leaving behind the Salinas Range, which still continues south. Here we met an old Indian of venerable mien. He was alone in a little hut and his beard was so thick and long that he looked like one of the European hermits. He gave us information concerning a nearby river and some land which we had not yet explored. We walked southwest a half league and turned west-northwest through small glades and barren hills and after a league and a half we reached the river without seeing it until we were on its very bank, and we stopped in a valley of good pasture which we named the Valley of Santa Isabel [Sevier River]. Here we took the altitude of the north star and found the latitude to be $39^{\circ}4'$. Today we marched four leagues.

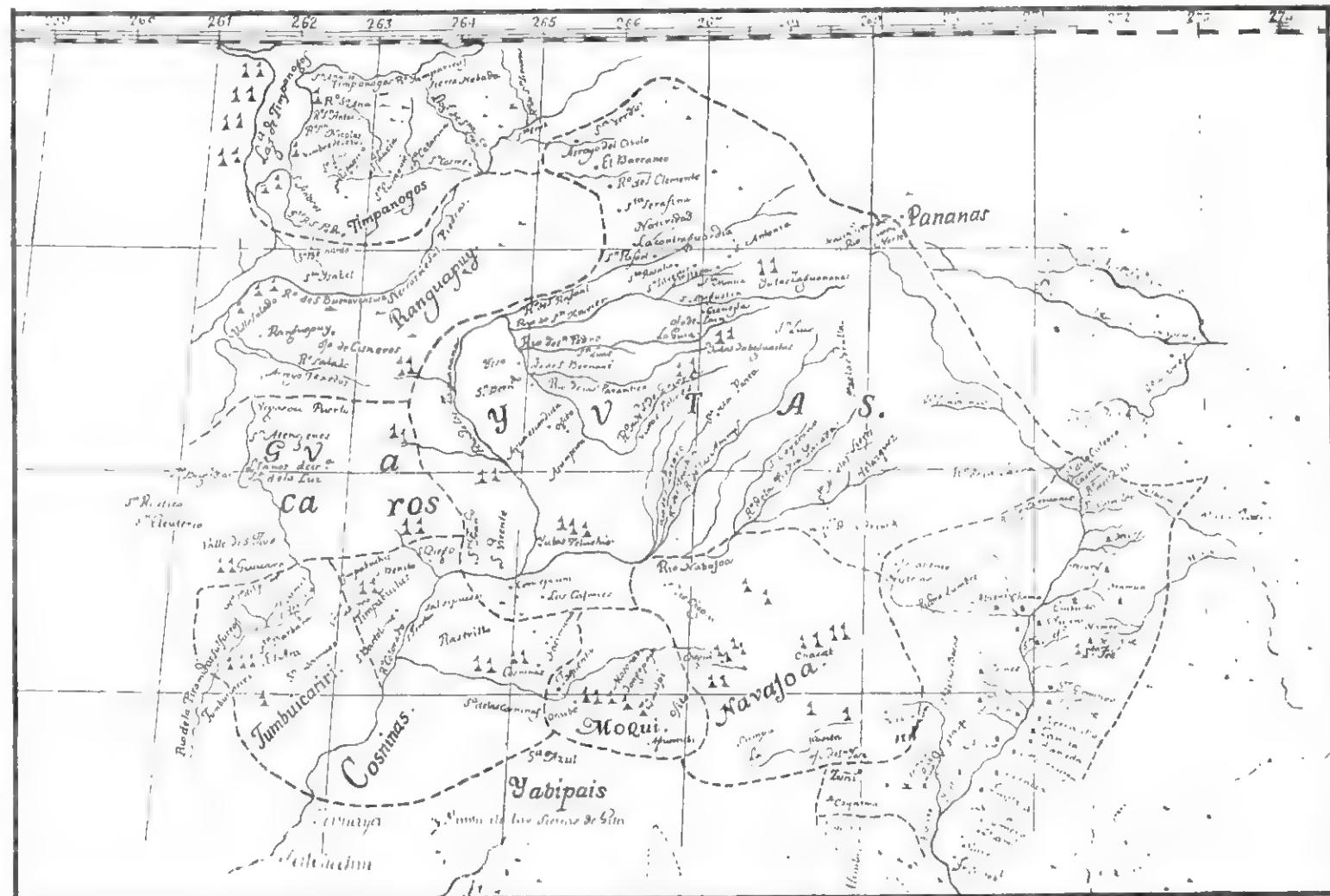
After we had camped for a short while, four Indians arrived



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Old Spanish Map (undated) showing ten provinces south and east of Laguna de Timpanogos and named after Indian tribes: Timpanogos, Ranguapuy, Guaracros, Tumbuicariri, Cosninas, Yabipais, Mogui, Navajoa, Yutas, Pananas.

Reproduction of the original map in Madrid from a photocopy in the E. A. Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.

find some water to boil the herbs and give Don Bernardo Miera some nourishment. Because, like the rest, he had had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, he was so weak that he could scarcely talk. We examined the saddle bags and other luggage in which we had carried the provisions to see if we could find any remnants, and we found only a few pieces of squash which the servants had bought yesterday from the Parusis Indians and had hidden to avoid being compelled to share them with the rest of us. With this and a little piece of piloncillo [boiled sugar] which we also found, we made a cooked dish and we all took some nourishment.

We found no water to enable us to spend the night here and we decided to continue our journey south. Our companions, without informing us, went to explore the eastern plateau and ground which starts here. Those who went on this exploring party came back telling us that the ascent to the summit was very easy and that beyond it there was flat ground with many brooks, in which there should be water, and that the river seemed to be at the end of the plain, beyond the plateau. At this news all were inclined to change the route. We well knew that, as on similar occasions, they were wrong, and that in such a short time, they could not possibly have seen so much. We were of the opposite opinion, because going south we had much good flat ground under our eyes, and had found today so much water, despite the statement of the Indians, and we had traveled a day's journey over good land, that all this incurred our suspicion. But as we were now without food and the water might still be far away, and because in enforcing our opinion, we would not make less intolerable the hunger and thirst which might occur on both routes, for our own good we told them to follow the course which to them seemed the best one to take us to the plateau in a southeast direction, climbing it by a rough drain [channel] or stony brook, where there is gypsum stone of good quality of the kind they use for white-washing. We finally climbed the plateau by a rough slope covered with much black stone. Night fell and we camped on the plateau on a small plain with good pasture but without water. We named it San Angel. Today we covered nine leagues.

We were very sorry to have changed our course, because according to the altitude where we were, going south, we would have reached the river very soon. After we camped, those men who had already been on the plateau told us that they thought they had seen water not far from here. Two of them went to fetch some for the men, but they did not return all night. At dawn of the next day there was still no sign of them. We finally decided that they had continued their way looking for Indian camps in which to get something to eat. For this reason and because there was no water here, we decided to continue our journey without waiting for them.

October 18. We started for San Angél going east-southeast

they said that we should send one of our men with one of theirs so that they might go to their huts, which were rather far away, and bring back some food. The others would remain with us in the meantime. We sent one of the half-breeds [genizaros] with the Laguna Joaquin, giving them some things to trade for food and pack animals on which to carry it. They set out with the other Indian and after midnight they returned, bringing a small amount of wild goat, some dried prickly pear made into a cake, and some grass seeds. They also brought news of one of the two men who the night before had gone in search of water, saying that he had been in this hamlet. The other one had returned tonight about ten o'clock.

October 19. Twenty of these Indians came to our camp with some prickly pears in a cake and several bags of seeds of different herbs for us to buy. We paid them for what they brought and asked them if they had meat, pine kernels and more prickly pears, to fetch them, and that we would buy everything, especially the meat. They answered that they would, but that we would have to wait until noon. We agreed and they went away. One of them offered to accompany us to the river, if we remained here until the afternoon, and we agreed. After midday, there came many more Indians than had been with us before, and among them one who said he was a Mescalero Apache and that he had come with two others from their territory to this one, having crossed the river a few days before. His face was rather disagreeable and he was different from the other Indians in that he looked upon us with dislike, and because of the greater courage he purposely displayed, or so we thought. They told us that these Apaches were their friends. They brought no meat but several bags of the seeds mentioned before, and some fresh prickly pears, ripened in the sun, and others dried in cakes. We bought about a bushel of seed and all the prickly pears.

We talked a long while about the distance to the river, the best road to follow, the provisions we might find on the way, the neighboring tribes, and about the guide we were asking for. They showed us the way we had to take to the river, giving us some confused details concerning the ford and saying that we would reach it in two or three days. They told us that they were Yubuincariri Indians and that they did not sow corn; that their food consisted of these prickly pears, seeds, and the pine kernels of which they gather very little, since they live frugally and on what hares, rabbits and wild goat they can get. They added that on this bank of the river only the Parusis Indians sowed corn and squash. On the other bank there were the Ancamuchis Indians (by which they meant the Cosninas) and that these sowed much more corn. In addition they gave us the names of other tribes, their neighbors on the south-southwest on this westerly bank of the river, and

they were the Payatammumis Indians. They also told us about the Huascaris, whom we had already seen in the Señor San José Valley. Concerning the Spaniards in Monterey, they did not give the slightest indication that they had ever heard of them. One of those who spent the preceding night with us, gave us to understand that he had heard of the Reverend Father Garcés³⁴ journey, which together with the denial of all of them that they knew the Cosninas (if they do not know them by the name Ancamuchi) seems to prove what we said we had suspected. After the talk, they started to leave, without our being able to secure any of them to guide us to the river.

Don Bernardo Miera had a pain in the stomach today, and therefore we could not start from here this afternoon. A short distance away we found other pools of water for the night.

October 20. We left San Samuel, going north-northeast toward the ford of the Rio Colorado, and avoiding a low, forested hill with many stones, this side of the ford, and after a little over two leagues, we changed our course northwest and entered a flat and stoneless ground. After another four leagues we found in an arroyo several pools of good water. A league east-northeast farther on, we camped on its bank between two low hills rising from the plain near the arroyo where there was abundant water and pasture. We named this place Santa Gertrudis. We took the latitude by the north star and found it to be $36^{\circ}30'$. Today we advanced seven leagues.

October 21. We started from Santa Gertrudis, going east, and after a half league, we went northeast. We crossed the Santa Gertrudis arroyo several times, which in most spots had great pools of water, and after walking over poor ground and making several detours for five leagues and a half northeast, we traveled without much difficulty through some chamiso thickets over good ground. After four leagues or a little more east-northeast, we finally camped at night near a little valley with good pasture, but without enough water even for the men. Lorenzo de Olivares, impelled by thirst caused by eating too many of the seeds, pine kernels and prickly pears that we bought, went off after we had camped, looking for water in the nearby arroyos, and did not reappear all night long, which gave us a good deal of worry. We named the place Santa Bárbara. Today we covered ten leagues.

October 22. We left Santa Bárbara, going north-northeast, looking for Olivares, and we found him, two leagues away, near a small pool of restricted water which was only enough for the men to drink and to fill a little barrel which we carried, in case we found no water that night. We continued along the plain and after four leagues going northeast, we saw a path going south. The interpreter having said that the Yubuincaris Indians had told him

³⁴. See footnote page 40.

that this is the route we should take for the river, we followed it; but after a league south along this road, we discovered that the interpreter had made a mistake in the signs, because a little farther on, the path turned back and we therefore started to climb, going east, the ridge we had planned to avoid, which runs from north to south along the whole eastern side of the plain. We crossed it with great difficulty and fatigue on the part of the horses, because in addition to its many fissures, it is very stony and flinty.

Night found us descending the other side of a very rough and very stony hill, from which we saw below, on the opposite side of the plain, several fires. We thought that the interpreter Andrés and the Laguna Joaquin, who had gone ahead looking for water for the night, had built them so that we would know where they were. But when we had finished the descent and had gone on until we left the path, five leagues east-northeast, making some detours among the valleys of the ridge, we reached the fires where there were three small Indian groups, and with them our interpreter and Joaquin. We decided to stay here for the night because there was, a short distance east and west, water and pasture for the animals, which by this time were almost spent. We named the place San Juan Capistrano. We walked twelve leagues today.

Since it was already night when we arrived at these camps and the Indians could not see how many people were coming, they were frightened, and in spite of the assurances of the interpreter and the Laguna Joaquin, almost all of them ran away when we appeared. There remained only three men and two women, who very sorrowfully told our Laguna: "Little brother, you are of our people: don't let these men with whom you come kill us." We embraced them and tried by all the means we could possibly think of, to allay the suspicion and fear they had of us. They quieted down somewhat, and trying to humor us, they gave us two roasted hares and some pine kernels. Two of them, still very fearful, went to show the water hole to the servants, so that the animals might drink. This place is east of the northern end of the little ridge, near a number of hills of red earth; south of them close by on top of rocky hills with pine and juniper trees there are two good pools of rain water; but on the way to them there is a little arroyo which also contains some pools, but these are small and the water is not good. West-southwest of the same hills at the foot of the ridge, there is also a small spring of constant [flowing] water.

After retiring to rest, some of our companions and Don Bernardo Miera among them, went to one of the huts to talk with the Indians. They told them that Don Bernardo was sick, and an old Indian among those present, whether because our people asked him, or because he wished to, started to cure him with chants and rituals, which, if not openly idolatrous, are at least totally super-

stitious. All our people permitted these ceremonies with pleasure, and among them the patient, and praised them with gracious remarks, when they should have put a stop to them as being opposed to the Evangelical and Divine Law which they supposedly profess—or at least should have gone away. We heard the Indians' chants but did not know what their purpose was. In the morning they told us what had taken place. We were very sorry for such harmful carelessness, and we reprimanded them, instructing them so that another time they would not approve by their voluntary presence, or in any other way, similar errors. This is one of the reasons why the heathens, who have most to do with the Spaniards and the Christians in these parts, resist the truths of the Gospel more, and their conversion daily becomes more difficult.

We were preaching to the first Sabuaganas whom we saw about the need of Holy Baptism while the interpreter, in order not to displease them, or to lose their old friendship, when they invited them to come for the vile trading in skins (even against the lawful prohibitions of the governors of this kingdom, sent to them over and over again forbidding any half-breed or Indian to enter the land of the heathens without obtaining a special permit from the governor of his state) translated the formal order to them as follows: "The Father says that the Apaches, Navajós and the Comanches who are not baptized cannot enter Heaven and must go to Hell, where God punishes them, and they will burn forever like the wood in the fire." The Sabuaganas were very happy at hearing themselves excluded; and their enemies included, in the absolute necessity of becoming baptized or of perishing forever. The interpreter was reprimanded, and seeing his harmful want of belief discovered, he decided to reform.

We could add other cases heard from the same people who have witnessed them among the Yutas; and perhaps have applauded and even cooperated in many idolatrous acts; but the two cases mentioned above are enough. Being in our company, having heard us repudiate and condemn many times these idolatries and superstitions, nevertheless if they watch them, encourage them and applaud them, what will they not do living two, three, or four months among the heathen Yutas and Navajós without anybody to correct and restrain them? Besides, some of them have given us sufficient reasons on this trip to suspect that if some go among the Yutas and remain so long with them because of their greed for pelts, others go and remain attracted by the flesh, which they have there for their brutish satisfaction. In either way they become blasphemers of the Name of Christ, and prevent or rather oppose the spreading of the Faith. How severely should similar evils be treated! May God in His infinite goodness inspire us with the most convenient and efficacious means!

October 23. We did not travel today, in order to give the Indians here time to quiet down, and so that those in the vicinity might come. The grass seeds and the other provisions we bought and ate did us great harm and we became weaker instead of gaining strength. We did not succeed in getting them to sell us some of the regular meat, and we were therefore compelled to slaughter a horse, and prepare the flesh to take with us.

Father Fray Francisco Atanasio was very sick today with a severe intestinal pain so that he could not move at all.

The whole day the Indians from the hamlets in the vicinity kept arriving. We embraced them all and treated them all as well as we could. These Indians gave us clearer information concerning the Cosninas and the Moquinos, giving them these same names. They also told us the way to the river (which is twelve leagues from here at the most), giving us the directions for the ford. We bought about a bushel of pine kernels from them and gave them more than a half bushel of grass seeds.

Very early the following day twenty-six Indians came, being some of those who had been with us yesterday afternoon, and others we had not seen before. We spoke to them of the Gospel, reprimanding them and informing them of the evil and uselessness of their wrong doings, especially the superstitious healings of their sick. We warned them that they should appeal in their troubles only to the One true God, because only His Majesty has at His disposal health and sickness, life and death, and He can befriend everybody. Although our interpreter could not explain all this to them very well, one of them who undoubtedly had more dealings with the Yutas Payuchis, understood it very well, and he explained to the others what he heard. Seeing that they were listening with pleasure, we proposed that if they wished to become Christians, Fathers and Spaniards would come to instruct them and to live among them. They answered in the affirmative, and asking them where we would find them when we came again, they said they would be on this small ridge and the surrounding hills. Then, to attract them to us, we gave them thirteen yards of red ribbon, giving each a half yard for which they were very happy and grateful. One of them had already offered to go with us to the river, and guide us to the ford, but when the others had gone, and he had continued with us for a half league, he became so frightened that we could not persuade him to continue. Our companions, rather thoughtlessly, wanted to use force to compel him to keep his word; but we, after seeing his reluctance, let him go freely.

October 24. At nine o'clock in the morning, or a little later, we left San Juan Capistrano, along a ravine, traveling south-southeast, and after four leagues we changed to the southeast along the same ravine. Here at the foot of the eastern plateau of the ravine are three pools of good water, but there was not enough for the

horses. From our last stop to this place we traveled over good ground. After another two leagues southeast, we went east-southeast about three leagues over sandy and difficult ground and although we did not find water for the horses, we stopped on finding pasture, because the animals were now very tired and it was already night. We named the place San Bartolomé. Here is a vast valley but poor soil, because what seems to be sand is actually a kind of earth which on the surface has about two inches of gravel and then it is of different colors. There are many mines of transparent gypsum, some of talc and it also seems there are some metal-bearing mines. Today we walked nine leagues.

In this region the Colorado River flows from north-northeast to south-southwest, in a very deep and narrow channel, so that to plant anything here, although the soil is good, the river would not be of much use. This afternoon we saw the gorges and large rocks of the river basin which, seen from the western side, seem like a long chain of houses; but we imagined it to be the ravine of one of the many dry brooks there are on the plain.

October 25. We started from San Bartolomé, going east-southeast. We went a little less than a league and a half eastward. We did not want to arrive at the real gorge of the Rio Grande because we passed by several arroyos with gorges as deep as this one, and therefore we were convinced that the Rio Grande [the big river] did not go through here, but some other brook. Therefore we traveled toward the north-northeast of the valley where we thought we would be able to avoid the plateaus which surround it. We followed the ravine of a brook, looking for water for the horses, which were by this time worn out from thirst. Having traveled through this ravine for two leagues northeast, we were not able to leave the valley and continued toward the west climbing a very bad hill. We then went north-northeast and two leagues farther on we saw some poplars at the foot of the plateau. We went in that direction and we found a good spring of water. Along its banks there was some deposit which we took for salt-peter; we therefore thought the water might be salty, but sampling it we found it to be sweet. We camped here, naming the place San Fructo. We covered five leagues today.

In the afternoon Don Juan Pedro Cisneros went to explore the northern part of the valley, to find out whether there was a pass out of it, and whether he could find or perceive the river and its ford. He came back after midnight with the glad news of having arrived at the river; but said he did not know whether we would be able to get over some hills and crests [summits] which were on the opposite bank. Nevertheless, because he said the river seemed easy here and to have a ford, we decided to go that way.

October 26. We started from San Fructo, going north. After three leagues and a half we arrived where we first thought the

northern pass of the valley would be, and found it to be a corner entirely surrounded by very high hills and peaks of red earth and having various shapes, and being of the same color as the soil of the valley, presented an agreeable and confusing aspect. We continued along the same route with a great deal of trouble, because the horses sank to their knees in the earth when the top gravel gave way. After a league and a half we reached the large river [Rio Grande] of the Cosninas.³⁵ Here it is joined by a small river which we named the Santa Teresa. We crossed the latter and stopped on the bank of the Rio Grande, by the side of a large rock of brown stone, and named the place San Benito Salsipuedes. All the ground from San Fructo here is very difficult and wherever it holds a little moisture from the snow or rain, it is altogether impassable. We walked five leagues north today.

We decided to reconnoiter this afternoon after crossing the river to see whether we would be able to go from here to the southeast or the east. We were surrounded everywhere by plateaus and inaccessible peaks; therefore two of our men who were good swimmers, entered the river naked, carrying their clothes on top of their heads. It was so deep and broad that the swimmers, in spite of their skill, were scarcely able to reach the opposite bank, abandoning in the middle of the river, their clothing which they never saw again. Since they reached the opposite bank very tired, naked and barefoot, they could not go the necessary distance to explore the ground, but turned back after taking some food.

October 27. Don Juan Pedro Cisneros went along the ravine of the river Santa Teresa to see whether through it there might be a pass to cross the eastern plateau, and to return over more open ground to the Rio Grande [Rio Grande: a generic name for all big rivers], which being wider, might be forded, or at least crossed by the animals, to avoid their being engulfed in the water. He explored the land all day and part of the night and he did not find a pass. He saw a hill by which the plateau might be crossed very near here, but he thought it very difficult. Others also went to explore in different directions, and they found only insurmountable difficulties getting to the ford, without retracing a great many of our steps.

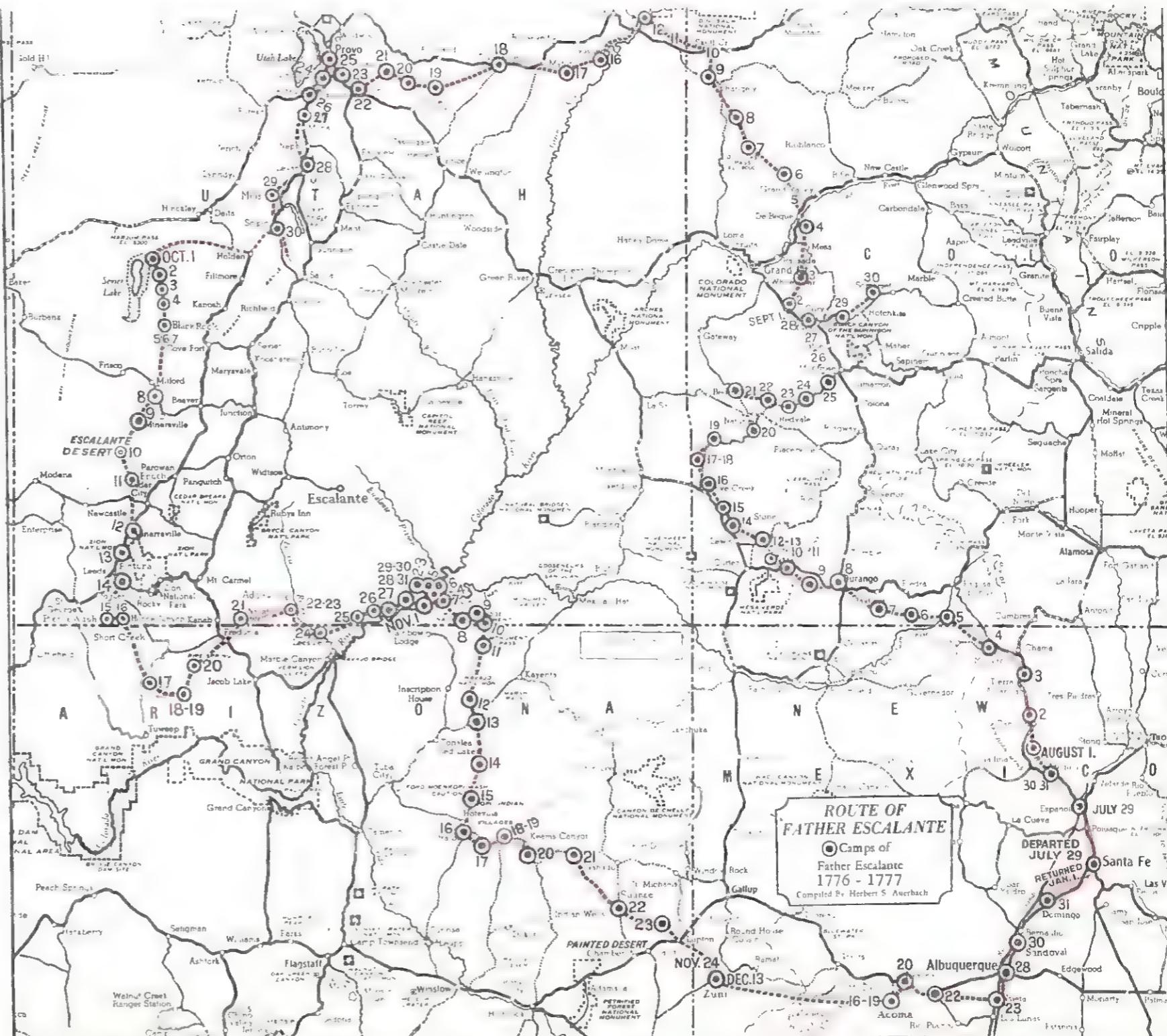
October 28. We tried again, but in vain, to solve our difficulties. In a short time we built a raft out of logs, and Father Fray Silvestre, accompanied by the servants, tried to cross the river; but although the poles they used to propel it were about five yards long, they did not touch bottom even a short distance from the bank. The waves driven by a contrary wind, held it back, and thus it returned to the shore from which it had set out three times, without even reaching the middle of the river. Besides, being so

a half league we changed east, a quarter south, for two over hills and rocky ravines, and finding no water, we st. a quarter north for two leagues, climbing and des- on hillocks very troublesome for the animals. Five In- d watching us from a short but rather high plateau. two of us who were traveling behind the other com- d by them at the foot of the hills, they spoke to us.

ed toward the place where they were, four of them to and only one remained in sight. We realized his us and we could not persuade him to come down: nclimbed, both of us, on foot with great difficulty.

took to approach him he wanted to flee. We and that he should not be afraid of us, that we on and wanted to speak to him. At this he waited thousand gestures to show that he was very much When we had climbed to where he was, we em- and seating ourselves near him we made the interpreter aguna come up. Recovered from his fright, he told us were four more Indians in hiding, and that if we wished call them, so that we might see them. When we told he would like to see them, he put his bow and arrows bound, took the interpreter by the hand and went with his companions. They came and we talked to them an hour. They told us that now we had water nearby. ed them to show us the place, promising them a piece of both, and after many entreaties three of them agreed to us. We continued our route with them, extremely weary and thirst, traveling southeast for a league, and south league along a poor stony road. We reached a little hill and an arroyo in whose steep hollows we found two sized pools of good water. We took enough water for our d bi lit up the animals which were so thirsty that they there was in both pools. We decided to stay here for naming the place San Samuel. We covered six leagues

three Indians who came with us were so afraid of us that not want to walk ahead of us or even let us get close to they spoke with the Laguna Joaquin, and from what he about us they quieted down. Among other things they greatly admiring his courage, how he dared to come He, who wanted to quiet their fears, in order to satisfy he was suffering on our account, answered them as best an before succeeded in dispelling their fear and sus- this reason no doubt that they did not leave us reached the watering place. When we set up our camp them the woolen cloth promised, with which they were h delighted. Knowing that we came without provisions



HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS

A Centennial History of Wasatch County



COMPILED AND EDITED BY
WM. JAMES MORTIMER



Wm. James Mortimer
Compiler and Editor

PUBLISHED BY
WASATCH COUNTY CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

CHAPTER ONE

In the Beginning

"We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
There the Saints will be blessed."

The soft strains of the congregational singing ended and the small group of worshippers bowed their heads in prayer.

"Father, we thank thee for peace in these valleys of the tops of the mountains," spoke William Wall, presiding elder of Provo Valley. His voice filled the small meeting house with expressions of gratitude for blessings enjoyed by the saints who lived in the valley. As those in the group joined in speaking "Amen" at the end of the humble prayer, each heart echoed gratitude for the blessings of a happy life.

Blessings?

They were seated on rough-hewn log benches placed in a 20 by 40 foot log hut with a dirt floor and two fireplaces one at each end of the room. All their seed had been dropped into hastily plowed furrows with a fervent prayer that frosts would not come quickly. Their log homes, plastered with mud, needed new roofs after heavy rains. And there was always the threat of attacking Indians.

Yet, as they sat in the log meeting house they raised their voices in song and prayer, expressing humble appreciation for the blessings they had been given by Almighty God.

The year was 1860 and the rough wilderness country of what was then called Provo Valley had been under the taming hand of settlers for about a year. During the Spring of 1859 the first permanent settlers had crossed to the eastern slopes of the Wasatch Mountains to establish homes and farms in the valleys of the Provo River headwaters.

In that first year the struggles of settling a new land challenged the stamina and faith of even the most hardy pioneers. Yet their physical courage and spiritual strength enabled them to lay the foundation of a valley that has been marked during the years by peace, modest prosperity and abiding spirituality.

It is believed that the first white men to travel through Wasatch County were Catholic priests. Through the conquests of Hernando Cortez, Spaniards claimed the western part of the United States and in 1776 a party of explorers headed by two Franciscan friars traveled through the northwestern areas of the county.

From the descriptions of the journey left by Fathers Francisco Atanasio Dominguez and Silvestre Velez de Escalante, the group is believed to have traveled along the Strawberry, through Diamond Fork into Spanish Fork Canyon and then to the shores of Utah Lake.

Between this visit in the summer of 1776 and the beginnings of settlements in 1858 only hunters and trappers frequented the area in search of beaver and mink. Often they followed the trails and footpaths worn into the earth by Indians.

The settlers who moved into Wasatch County and claimed its land were members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Their settlements near the Great Salt Lake, as well as subsequent colonizing efforts in outlying areas, were not chance events.

Persecution and misunderstanding had forced members of the Church to leave their homes and community life in Nauvoo, Ill., the place which the saints called their "City Beautiful." Through the vision and leadership of President Brigham Young, the pioneering members of the Church trudged thousands of weary miles from Illinois, across the plains states, and into the Rocky Mountains. The first company entered the Salt Lake valley on July 24, 1847.

In the mountain country, which they named the Territory of Deseret, the industrious pioneers turned water onto the parched, desert soil and fruitful fields resulted. Timber and stone were taken from the surrounding hills to erect homes and church buildings. An active commerce grew up that made the area the literal crossroads of the west.

As the central settlement of Salt Lake City became established, President Young encouraged the saints to colonize the outlying areas of the Territory. The new settlements strengthened the territory, broadened the influence of the Church and opened up new farmlands for the thousands of Saints who were arriving in the area each month.

During the first decade of colonizing, President Young called settlers to move into southern and northern parts of the territory. Major settlements were established in St. George in the south, Manti and Provo in the central area and Logan and Cache Valley in the north.

In the Provo area, settlers began moving in about 1849. The city grew until about 1857 when some of the townspeople felt that all the choice land had been claimed. Newly arrived settlers began looking toward "greener pastures" on the other side of the Wasatch Mountains.

One summer Sunday morning in 1857 a group of workmen at a sawmill in Big Cottonwood Canyon, southeast of the Salt Lake Valley, decided to spend the day looking at the rumored "paradise land" nestled in the tops of the Wasatch range. The men, Charles N. Carroll, George Jacques, James Adams and others, hiked to the summit of the range and brought back glowing reports of a desirable agricultural valley.

Rumors still existed that there was frost in the valley during every month of the year. However, the favorable reports of the sawmill workers, and others, made many people anxious to settle in the area. Thus,

it was that during the Spring of 1858 a group of cattlemen in Provo drove a herd of stock through the canyon and established some ranches at the south end of the valley. Those in the group included William Wall, George W. Dean, Aaron Daniels and a few others. With an eye toward keeping their cattle in the valley during the winter these men harvested a large crop of meadow hay.

During the Spring and Summer of 1858 a number of persons explored the area and decided it would be a satisfactory place to settle.

The first steps toward settlement came in July, 1858, when a party headed by J. W. Snow, county surveyor in Provo, went to the valley and laid out a section of ground just north of the present site of Heber City. Twenty-acre tracts were surveyed and each man in the party selected his farm.

Having decided to settle in the valley, the men turned their attention to the feasibility of constructing a road through Provo Canyon. As early as 1852, an explorer, William Gardner, had recommended that such a road be constructed. Then in 1855 the Territorial Legislature enacted a measure empowering Aaron Johnson, Thomas S. Williams, Evan M. Green and William Wall to construct a road from the mouth of Provo Canyon in Utah County to the Kamas prairie. From there it was to travel northeasterly on the most feasible route until it intercepted the main traveled road from the United States to Great Salt Lake, near Black Fork in Green River county.

Unfortunately, this road was never begun. Misunderstandings with federal officials resulted in the appointment of Alfred Cumming as the territorial governor in 1857. He was escorted into the Utah territory by federal troops commanded by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. The presence of federal troops gave the Mormon people more to think about than building the road.

By mid-1858, however, the troops were peacefully garrisoned at Camp Floyd near Utah Lake and the Mormon people had returned to normal living.

With cattle grazing on the Wasatch lands, and with ranch sites already surveyed, the need for a road again became an issue of primary importance. To win support for the project, a group of Provo men took the matter to President Brigham Young and explained both the hardships and the advantages of building such a road. The Church President favored the project and called a meeting in the bowery at Provo on June 6, 1858. He said at that time:

"A road up Provo Kanyon is much needed, and we want ten or twenty companies of laborers to go on it forthwith in order to finish it in about fifteen days so that you can go into the valleys of the Weber where there is plenty of timber."

"I understand that a company has been chartered by the legislative assembly to make that road. If those men will come forward we will take the responsibility of making it. We shall need about 500 laborers."

The Provo Kanyon Company was formed the next evening, with President Young himself subscribing for 200 shares of stock. Feramorz Little was named superintendent of the project with W. G. Mills as clerk. A company of laborers was formed and work began on the road.

As the wagon ruts through the canyon were formed into a road, the laborers faced the necessity of building a bridge over the Provo River. It was decided to place the bridge near the mouth of the canyon, and engineering work was begun immediately by Henry Grow, who later won fame for his construction of the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

When the bridge was completed in October of 1858 the Deseret News said in its edition of Oct. 13, 1858, that the bridge was "substantially and neatly made and calculated to be of service for many years to the inhabitants of Utah County."

While the road saved many miles for transcontinental teamsters and travelers in and out of Utah County, its most important contribution came in opening up Wasatch County for permanent settlement.

CHAPTER TWO

...And There Was Life in the Valley

Winter in the mountains and valleys of Deseret was a test of faith and stamina for the pioneer Saints. Snows and bitter, blowing winds came early and lasted long. In the high valleys of the Wasatch the frosts were heavy in September and snows were on the ground in October. Spring sunshine rarely melted the earth's snow crust until late March or April, leaving only about five summer months to prepare for cold, ice and snow all over again.

Anxieties about the weather were sharply accentuated for some 11 pioneer families in Utah Valley during the winter of 1858-59, for they were making plans to move into new homes high in the Wasatch mountains when Spring came.

The road through Provo Canyon had been finished before the snows fell and a bridge spanned the Provo River. With the decision made to move into the valley, they spent the short days and long, crisp winter nights in building furniture and making clothes. Plows had to be sharpened and harrows made ready for the sagebrush and soil of the new country. Wagons had to be repaired and those who lacked teams had to acquire them.

William Meeks was appointed leader of the group and they met frequently under his direction to ask the Lord to bless them in their preparations. Their constant prayer was that the elements would be tempered so they could mature crops and sustain themselves and their families in the new country.

Spring came late in 1859 and it was the last day of April before the group of 11 men with their three wagons and teams of oxen could leave Provo.

Families of the men had agreed to remain behind in Provo until log cabins could be built and other preparations made for their coming. Tearfully, the wives and children stood by that April morning as they watched their husbands and fathers start out toward Provo Canyon and a new life.

Facing the uncertainties of the venture were Thomas Rasband, John Crook, Charles N. Carroll, John Carlile, John Jordan, Henry Chatwin, Jesse Bond, James Carlile, William Giles Jr., William Carpenter and George Carlile.

Winter and the forces of nature had played havoc with the road in many places and traveling was slow. In addition, several snowslides blocked the route, making the journey hazardous as well as exhausting.